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The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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This is a story of that great north country of which it has been said, "There's never a law of God or man runs north of fifty-three;" a tale of impetuous emotion, of brute strength and courage, of swift and passionate love and hate; a tale vigorous, forceful and absorbing, which tells itself without fine words; a story of the hunger for gold and the hunger of man for woman, brooking no interference or rivalry, going straight for its object, as did the primitive man before the time of laws and conventionalities; of civilized man turned back to savagery and losing no manhood in the turning. Tarry awhile, O reader, with these rugged men of Nome, and you shall be refreshed and strengthened in their company.

CHAPTER I-CONCLUDED.

Glenister had been prepared for the type of beauty that follows the fron fer-beauty that may stun, but that has the polish and chill of a new ground bowle. Instead this girl with the calm, reposeful face struck a note almost painfully different from her sur roundings, suggesting countless plensent things that had been strange to him for the past few years.

Pure admiration alone was patent in the older man's gaze.
"I make oration," said he, "that
you're the gamest little chap I ever

fought over, Mexikin, Injun or white What's the trouble?"

"I suppose you think I've done some-thing dreadful, don't you?" she said. "But I haven't. I had to get away from the Ohio tonight for-certain reasons. I'll tell you all about it tomor-row. I haven't stolen anything, nor poisoned the crew-really I haven't." She smiled at them, and Glenister fremd it impossible not to smile with her, though dismayed by her feeble

explanation "Well, I'll wake up the steward and find a place for you to go," he said at length. "You'll have to double up with ne of the women, though. It's aw fully crowded aboard."

She laid a detaining hand on his arm. He thought he felt her tremble.

"No, no! I don't want you to do that. They mustn't see me tonight. I know I'm acting strangely and all that, but it's happened so quickly I haven't found myself yet. I'll tell you tomorrow, though, really. Don't let any one see me or it will spoil everything. Wait till tomorrow, please,"

She was very white and spoke with

eager intensity. "Help you? Why, sure Mike!" assured the impulsive Dextry. "An', see here, miss—you take your time on explanations. We don't care a cuss what cause 'there's never a law of God or cause 'there's never a law of tool or man runs north of fifty-three,' as the poetry man remarked, an' he couldn't garbed in homespun. The book conhave spoke truer if he'd knowed what he was sayin'. Everybody is privileged to 'look out' his own game up leged to 'look out' his own game up.

Pendent from a book was a worn here. A square deal an' no questions

She looked somewhat doubtful at this till she caught the heat of Glenister's gaze. Some boldness of his look brought bome to her the actual situation, and a stain rose in her cheek. She noted him more carefully—noted his heavy shoulders and ease of bearing. an ease and looseness begotten of perfect muscular control. Strength was equally suggested in his face, she thought, for he carried a marked young countenance, with thrusting chin, aggressive thatching brows and mobile mouth that whispered all the changes from strength to abandon. Prominent was a look of reckless energy. She considered him handsome n a heavy, virile, perhaps too purely physical fashion

You want to stowaway?" he asked. "I've had a right smart experience in that line," said Dextry, "but I never done it by proxy. What's your plan?" "She will stay here tonight," said

Glenister quickly. "You and I will go below. Nobody will see her." "I can't let you do that," she ob-jected. "Isn't there some place where can hide?" But they reassured her

When they had gone, she crouched trembling upon her seat for a long time, gazing fixedly before her. "I'm afraid," she whispered. "I'm afraid. What am I getting into? Why do men look so at me? I'm frightened. Oh, I'm sorry I undertook it." At last she rose wearily. The close cabin op-pressed her. She felt the need of fresh air. So, turning out the lights, she stepped forth into the night. Figures loomed near the rail, and she slipped astern, screening herself behind a lifeboat, where the cool breeze fanned her

The forms she had seen approached, ing, they stopped abreast of her hiding place. Then as they began to talk she saw that her retreat was cut off and the breakfast going?" that she must not stir.

"What brings her here?" Glenister was echoing a question of Dextry's "Bah! What brings them all? What duchess and Cherry Malotte and all the rest?"

ain't that kind-she's too fine, too delicate—too pretty."
"That's just it—too pretty! Too pretty

to be alone-or anything except what Dextry growled sourly. "This country has plumb ruined you, boy. You think they're all alike-an' I don't

know but they are all but this gal

Seems like she's different, somehow, but I can't tell."

Glenister spoke musingly: "I had an ancestor who buccancered among the Indies a long time ago, so I'm told, Sometimes I think I have his disposition. He comes and whis-pers things to me in the night. Ob, he was a devil, and I've got his blood in me—untamed and bot—1 can hear him saying something now—something about the spoils of war. Ha, ha! Maybe he's right, I fought for her to-night, Dex—the way he used to fight for his sweethearts along the Mexicos. She's too beautiful to be good, and 'there's never a law of God or man

runs north of fifty-three."

They moved on, his vibrant, cynical laughter stabbing the girl till she leaned against the yawl for support.

She held herself together while the blood beat thickly in her ears, then fled to the cabin, hurling herself into her berth, where she writhed silently. beating the pillow with hands into which her nails had bitten, staring the while into the darkness with dry and aching eyes.

CHAPTER II.

HE awoke to the throb of the engines and, gazing cautiously through her stateroom window, saw a glassy, level sea, with the sun brightly agleam on it.

So this was Bering? She had clothed it always with the mystery of her school days, thinking of it as a weeping, fog bound stretch of gray waters. Instead she saw a flat, sunlit main, with occasional sea parrots flapping their fat bodies out of the ship's course. A glistening head popped up from the waters abreast, and she heard the cry

Dressing, the girl noted minutely the personal articles scattered about the cabin, striving to derive therefrom some fresh hint of the characteristics of the owners. First, there was on elaborate copper backed tollet set, all richly ornamented and leather bound. The metal was magnificently hand marked and bore Glenister's initial. It spoke of elegant extravagance and seemed oddly out of place in an arctic

miner's equipment, as did also a small set of De Maupassant. Next she picked up Kipling's "Seven Seas," marked liberally, and felt that she had struck a scent. The roughness and brutality of the poems had always chilled her, though she had felt vaguely their splendid pulse and swing. This on done. Morals ain't our long suit, tered life. She had not rubbed elbows was the girl's first venture from a shel-

> and blackened holster from which peeped the butt of a large Colt's revolver, showing evidence of many years' service. It spoke mutely of the white haired Dextry, who, before her inspection was over, knocked at the door, and, when she admitted him, addressed her cautiously:

"The boy's down forrad, teasin' grub out of a flunky. He'll be up in a minute. How'd ye sleep?"

"Very well, thank you," she lied, "but I've been thinking that I ought to

explain myself to you."
"Now, see here." the old man interjected, "there ain't no explanations needed till you feel like givin' them up. You was in trouble—that's un-fortunate. We help you—that's natu No questions asked - that's Alaska.

"Yes, but I know you must think"—
"What bothers me," the other con-tinued irrelevantly, "is how in blazes we're goin' to keep you hid. The stew-ard's got to make up this room, and somebody's bound to see us packin'

"I don't care who knows if they won't send me back. They wouldn't do that, would they?" She hung anxlously on his words.

"Send you back? Why, don't you savvy that this boat is bound for Nome? There ain't no turnin' back on gold stampedes, and this is the wildest rush the world ever saw. The captain wouldn't turn back. He couldn't. His cargo's too precious, and the company pays \$5,000 a day for this ship. No, we ain't puttin' back to unload no stowaways at five thousand per. Besides, we passengers wouldn't let him-time's too precious." They were interrupted by the rattle of dishes outside, and Dextry was about to open the door when his hand wavercertainly above the knob, for he speaking earnestly. Instead of pass- heard the hearty greeting of the ship's

> "Well, well, Glenister, where's all "Oo," whispered the old man, "that's low's Hall, Fart street.

Cap' Stephens. 'Dextry isn't feeling quite up to form this morning," replied Glenister

"Don't wonder! Why weren't you aboard sooner last night? I saw you. 'Most got left, eh? Served you right if you had." Then his voice dropped to the confidential: "I'd advise you out those women. Don't misunder-stand me, boy, but they're a bad lot on this boat. I saw you come aboard. Take my word for it, they're a bad lot Cut 'em out. Guess I'll step inside and see what's up with Dextry."

The girl shrank into her corner, gaz.

ing apprehensively at the other lis-

"Well-er-he isn't up yet," they heard Glenister stammer, come around later." "Nonsense! It's time he was dress

ed." The master's voice was gruffly good natured. "Hello, Dextry! Hey! Open up for inspection." He rattled the door.

There was nothing to be done. The old miner darted an inquiring glance at his companion, then, at her nod, slipped the bolt, and the captain's blue bulk filled the room.

His grizzled close bearded face was gentally wrinkled till be spled the erect gray figure in the corner, when his cap came off involuntarily. There his courtesy ended, however, and the smile died goldly from his face. His ship fell away, leaving him the stiff and formal officer.

"Ah," he said, "not feeling well, eh? I thought I had met all of our lady passengers. Introduce me, Dextry.

Dextry squirmed under his cynicism "Well-I-ab-didn't cutch the name myself." "What?"

"Oh, there ain't much to say. This is the lady we brought aboard last night—that's all." "Who gave you permission?"

"Nobody. There wasn't time. "There wasn't time, ch? of you conceived the novel scheme of stowing away ladies in your cabin? Where is she? Quick! Answer me." Indignation was vibrant in his voice. "Oh!" the girl cried, her eyes widen ing darkly. She stood slim and pale and slightly trembling.

His words had cut her bitterly though through it all be had scrupulously avoided addressing her. The captain turned to Glenister, who

had entered and closed the door.
"Is this your work? As she yours? "No," he answered quietly, while Dextry chimed in:

"Better hear details, captain, before rou make breaks like that. We helped the lady side step some sailors last night, and we most got left doing it It was up to her to make a quick get way, so we helped her aboard." "A poor story! What was she run ning away from?" He still addresses

the men, ignoring her completely till with boarse voice, she broke in: "You mustn't talk about me that way. I can answer your questions It's true I ran away. I had to. The sallors came after me and fought with these men. I had to get away quickly and your friends helped me on here from gentlemanly kindness, because

tiey saw me unprotected. They are still protecting me. I can't explain how important it is for me to reach Nome on the first bont, because it isn't my secret. It was important enough make me leave my uncle at Seattle at an hour's notice when we found there was no one else who could go That's all I can say. I took my maid with me, but the sailors caught her just as she was following me down the ship's ladder. She had my bag of clothes when they seized her. I cast off the rope and rowed ashore as fast as I could, but they lowered another boat

and followed me." The captain eyed her sharply, and his grim lines softened a bit, for she was clean cut and womanly and utter ly out of place. He took her in shrewdly, detail by detail, then spoke directly

"My dear young lady, the other ships will get there just as quickly as ours, less the pound fees and damages are maybe more quickly. Tomorrow we sconer satisfied will be sold at the less the pound fees and damages are strike the ice pack, and then it is all date hereunder named according to a matter of luck."

there. (To Be Continued)

BIG OIL TANKS FOR WARSHIPS

ARE GIVEN TEST

Vallejo, Sept. 8 .-- The construction repair department mechanics have been busy the past week testing the new oil tanks recently installed in the monitor Wyoming as a test to decide on the advisability of using oil as a fuel on the large fighting craft of the Navy.

The tanks worked to perfection, and the Wyoming will be released from the dry dock on Friday, and on next Tuesday the Transport Sheridan will e placed on the dock for 100 days. Constructor Evans stated yesterday

that a number of new mechanics were coming in daily whom he would put to work on the Sheridan as soon as she is docked. The men are mostly from the East, and will work under the new piece-work schedule. It is understood that by September 25th over 250 new men will arrive at the ard for the construction and repair department.

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children's class in dancing on Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Odd Fe'-

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Soard of Health. (Signed) THE BOARD OF HEALTH. By its President: L. E. PINKHAM.

Honolulu, May 2nd, 1997. 697—May 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25; June 25; July 5; Aug. 26; Sept. 25. POUND MASTER'S NOTICE OF

ESTRAYS. mals described below have been imounded in the Government pound at Makiki, Kona, Island of Oahu, and un

"Yes, but the ship I left won't get Sept. 22, 1907. Bay mare, white

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Corporation Notices. NOTICE OF REDEMPTION OF BONDS OF HAWAIIAN SUGAR

COMPANY. We, the undersigned, WILLIAM G. RWIN and E. I. SPALDING, Trustees under Deed of Trust dated Janu-24, 1902, made by HAWAHAN SUGAR COMPANY to the under-signed as Trustees, hereby give notice to the bondholders of the Hawallan Sugar Company of the election of said Company to redeem and pay, and of the redemption and payment of the following numbered bonds of said Company on the first day of October, 1907, at the office of the Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco in the City and County of

San Francisco, State of California, to-wit:

Bonds numbered: 346 135 276 358 376 151 369 380 473 117 162 336 405 The holders of above numbered bonds are hereby notified to present

Health hereby offers a reward of on said bonds numbered as aforesaid

to October 1st, 1997, and surrender

Honolulu, T. H., September 3rd. 1997. WILLIAM G. IRWIN,

E. I. SPALDING, Trustees under sald Hawaiian Sugar Company Trust Deed.

NOTICE TO KIHEI STOCKHOLDERS Kihel stockholders holding shares in the names of other persons are referred to their own names as soon as

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By J. P. Cooke, Treasurer.

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